

T H E

Jovial Cruising Sailor.

19

To which are added,

Wer't THOU but mine AIN THING.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

THE COUNTY OF CAVIN.

THE LAUGH SPOIL'D.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON
Saltmarket, 1800.

THE JOVIAL CRUISING SAILOR.

I A M a jolly sailor bold,
 lately come from cruising,
 I'll go unto the girl I love,
 she's one of my own chusing.
 She's got a small and tender waist,
 according to my chusing,
 I mean to make her my lawful wife,
 and go no more a cruising.
 She is the girl that I adore
 beyond all wanton faces,
 I'll make her blest for evermore,
 with sweet and melting kisses.
 I went into her father's house,
 and asked for my jewel,
 Her father he saluted me
 with countenance most cruel.
 I said. Where is your daughter dear?
 she's one of my own chusing,
 I have brought her great store of gold,
 I'm newly come from cruising.
 The father in a passion said,
 love is an idle tale, Sir.
 And if you don't begone from this,
 I'll send you to the jail, Sir.

O I have been where bullets fly,
and cannons loudly roar, Sir,
And must I for a woman die,
all on my native shore, Sir?

With glooming face and staring eyes,
the old man he began, Sir;
I never us'd my daughter so,
that you should be her man, Sir.

I never will consent to that,
although she be your chusing,
And if you'll be advis'd by me,
you'll go again a-cruising.

Then Jack he answer'd, God of war,
that caus'd me to come hither,
It was not by my selfish want,
nor by distress of weather.

Your daughter dear is all I crave,
she's one of my own chusing,
I will make her my lawful wife,
and go no more a-cruising.

The constables they seized me,
and I to jail was sent, Sir;
The jail-keepers well used me,
in punch I did lament, Sir.

My comrades came to visit me,
in jail where I lay bousing;
I wish'd myself on board again,
out in the Queen a-cruising.

My love she in the parlour sat,
and heard how I was us'd;
She said, it griev'd her heart full sore,
to think I'd been abused.

In sailor's dress she came to me,
in the jail where I lay bousing,
And said she would have no other man,
because I was her chusing,

The licence then that night was got,
and straightway we were marry'd;
My love she staid in jail that night,
and all next day she tarry'd.

Which made her father curse and swear,
and me he fell abusing,

Which made me laugh ten times more,
because I'd got my chusing.

Since now we are all friends again,
ten thousand pounds he gave us;
More we shall have when that he dies,
I wish it to-morrow was.

I have got a sweet and loving wife,
according to my chusing,

I'll live a sober honest life,
and go no more a-cruising,

MINE AIN THING.

WER' T thou but mine ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee,
Wert thou but mine ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

As round the elm the enamour'd vine,
 Delights with wanton arms to twine,
 So I'd incircle thee in mine,
 And show how much I love thee.

This earth my paradise should be,
 I'd grasp a heav'n of joy in thee,
 For thou art all the sex to me,
 So fondly do I love thee.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,
 Amidst the clash of hostile arms,
 I'd softly sink among thy charms,
 And only live to love thee.

Let Fortune drive me far away,
 Or make me fall to foes a prey,
 My flame to thee should ne'er decay,
 And dying I would love thee.

Though I were number'd with the dead,
 My soul shall hover round thy head,
 I may be turn'd a silent shade,
 But cannot cease to love thee.
 Wer't thou but mine own thing, etc.



BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
 they are twa bonny lasses:
 They bigged a bow'r on yon burn brae,
 and thacked it o'er wi' rushes.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 and thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
 But Mary Gray's twa pauky een,
 they gart my fancy faulter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 she smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts from Thetis lap,
 the hills with rays adorning.

White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 her waist and feet's fu' genty,
 With ilka grace she can command,
 her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks they're like the crow,
 her eyes like diamonds glances,
 She's ay-sae clean red up and bra',
 she kills where'er she dances.

Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
 she blooming, tight and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove she's like thy PALLAS.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
 ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 ye are sic bonny lasses,

Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 to ane by law we're stinted,
 Then I'll draw cuts and tak my fate,
 and be with ane contented.



THE COUNTY OF CAVIN.

AS I went forth in the county of Cavin,
for to view the sweet stock of life,
There I beheld a sweet lovely Venus,
appear'd to me like an angel bright.

I said, Fair maid, O will ye fancy,
for to be a young sailor's wife!

O no kind Sir, I will never marry,
I chuse to live a sweet single life.

I said, Fair maid, what makes you differ,
from the rest of your female kind?

But as you're youthful, young and sprightly,
so to marriage be inclin'd

She says, the truth I tell you plainly,
I might been marry'd five years ago,
To one Rollo that liv'd in Dublin
he was the cause of my overthrow.

He is a young man of handsome fortune,
he courted me both night and day,
As soon as he my favour gained.
he left this country and went away.

If this be true you tell me plainly
you might been marry'd five years ago,
Then we'll sail over to Pennsylvania,
bid adieu to Rollo and let him go.

She said, my dearest, if I should travel,
to some foreign distant shore,
O there my heart would ly a bleeding,
to think on Rollo whom I do adore.

Youth and folly make men merry,
and he that's bound he must obey :
What can't be cur'd must be endur'd,
farewel dear jewel, I must away.

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THE LAUGH SPOIL'D.

SITTING at the tavern drinking,  
still dispos'd for t'other quart,  
In came my wife and spoil'd my laughing,  
telling me 'twas time to part.

Words you know are unavailing,  
I then firmly answer'd No :  
But from motives more prevailing,  
fitting close she trode my toe.

Such kind reas'ning to my thinking,  
most emphatically prove  
That the joys which rise from drinking,  
equal not the joys of love.

Then farewel friends and t'other bottle,  
for I will no longer stay.  
Love more learn'd than Aristotle,  
calls me from my friends away.

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Glasgow, Printed by J. & M. Robertson,  
Saltmarket, 1800.